DRY GOODS.

Wanamaker & Brown.

SHALL WE SELL THEM?

There is in Philadelphia a clothing house which has no double in all the world. The world is full of clothing houses; and it is a good deal to say that one is unlike all the rest.

First, in its dealing; and it is surprising that one house should differ much from another. Selling clothing is so simple a matter, that it is likely, one would suppose, to be done in very much the same way in Philadelphia, New York and London. But Philadelphia is ahead; and, surjously enough, one house in Philadelphia is ahead of all the rest.

To be ahead in dealing is to deal on a higher plane, in a more liberal way, to give the buyer more well founded confidence without loss of the merchant's safety. This Philadelphia clothing house says to a stranger: "We want to deal with exact justice. We want what belongs to us, viz., a fair profit; and we want you to have what belongs to you, viz., a liberal money'sworth. Our way to arrive at this result is to mark a price on everything we sell, which price is absolute; and to let you buy what you like, go away and think the bargain over, and come and trade back, if you want to. We find by experience that this liberality is harmless to us. Of course, you like it. And it makes quick and ready dealing. We don't want you to bring back what you buy-it would cost us money every time; but we would rather you would bring back than keep, what you don't like. So, we try to see that you get at first what you will like the better the more you know of it. This is really the whole philosophy of our dealings." Is it any wonder that no other clothing house in this city, or New York, or London, deals in the same way?

Second, in its goods-the amount and variety of them. There are other houses where excellent clothing is kept, and a great deal of it; but there is none, anywhere, that keeps so much. The dealing related above has won the largest trade the world has yet seen. To supply such a trade great quantity and variety of clothing are required; and these in turn increase the trade, because everybody likes to choose out of many things, rather than out of few.

This is the country of ready-made clothing. Great Britain makes the most of any European country; but there is not in all London any clothing business a quarter as large as that of Oak Hall. New York has several large clothing businesses; but no one nearly equal to that of Oak Hall; Boston

Look back twenty years! Have we done you good service, or not? But that is not what we had in mind; we were thinking of the clothes you are going to buy to-day. Shall we sell them?

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

OAK HALL, Sixth and Market. PHILADELPHIA.

SPECIAL INVITATION.

WATT, SHAND & COMPANY Invite ladies to examine large purchases of Clearing Lots at less than Auction Prices COLORED DRESS SILKS,

Beautiful Shades, really worth \$1, only 65c.

BLACK DRESS SILKS.—Popular brand, 87c, \$1, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75.

POWDER CLOTH SUITINGS.—16 inches wide, all wool; importer's price 80e; ours 62½e.

BLACK CASHMERES.—Excellent Value, 37½, 50, 55, 62½, 75, 87c, \$1, 1.25.

COLORED CASHMERES.—Double width; new shades 17c; now sold at 25e.

FLANNEL SUITINGS.—Desirable Colors, 20c to \$1.20.

PLAID DRESS GOODS and NOVELTIES.—Largest Assortment and Lowest Prices.

LADIES' GLOVES.—200 dozen Heavy Lisle Gloves 25c; worth 50c.

CLOAKS, SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS, AT POPULAR PRICES.

NEW YORK STORE

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

EDW. J. ZAHM. JEWELER.

ZAHM'S CORNER, LANCASTER, PA.

We desire to remind our friends that we have a completely equipped Jewelry Factory in connection with our regular business and are ready and able to make up any special piece of Jewelry. Persons desiring Christmas Gifts made to their own order will oblige us by leaving their orders with us at as early a date as possible. Estimates given for Masonic Marks, So-

DIAMONDS.

We have secured the agency of one of the largest importing firms in the United States, and are prepared to furnish our patrons with Diamonds in Rings, Studs, Ear Rings, Lace Pins, &c., as low or lower-than any New York or Philadelphia firm.

WEDDING OR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

We extend a cordial invitation to all to call and examine our extensive stock of articles ble for these occasions, in Sterling Eliver, Fine Silver Plated Ware, French Clocks,

WATCHES! WATCHES!!

Our stock of Watches embraces the Lancaster and other leading American Watches.

Every Watch sold is accompanied with a written guar antee.

REPAIRING.—In addition to our former facilities we have added some of the latest imed machinery, and are ready to do all classes of fine watch or other repairing in our business. We invite all to call, assuring them polite attention, fair dealing and low prices.

EDW J. ZAHM,

Manufacturing Jeweler, Zahm's Corner, CENTS' GOODS.

NOVELTIES IN SCARF PINS.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

THE "BERNHARDT" GREYHOUND PIN UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS. -AT-

E. J. ERISMAN'S.

THE SHIRTMAKER.

56 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

TINWARE, &C.

CTOVES. STOVES. Brick Set and Portable

HEATERS and RANGES --- AT :--Shertzer, Humphreville & Kieffer's

40 EAST KING STREET. Miss M. E. GILL, TEACHER OF DRAW-ing in the Girls' High School, wishes to obtain pupils in the various styles of drawing and painting. Residence No. 35 West Orange street. Furs altered and repaired at the same place. oct20-1fd

NOTICE.

FLINN & BRENEMAN.

Lancaster, Pa.

Would advise all who contemplate putting in HEATERS or making any alterations in their heating arrangements to do so at once before the rush of Fall Trade begins. THE MOST RELIABLE

In the Market at the LOWEST PRICES.

GREAT STOVE STORE. 152 North Queen Street, LANCASTER, PA.

GO TO

KIDNEY PADS.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

That acts directly on the Kidneys, Bladder and Urlnary Organs, by absorbing all humors, every trace of disease, and forcing into the system powerful and healthful vegetable Tonics, giving it wonderful power to cure PAIN IN THE BACK. Side and Loins, Inflam mation and Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stone in the Bladder, Inability to Retain or Expel the Urine, High Colored, Scanty or Painful Urinating, Deposits, Shreds or Casts in the Urine, NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, and in fact any disease of these great organs. and in fact any disease of these great organs.

It avoids entirely the troubles and dangers of It avoids entirely the troubles and dangers of taking nauseous and poisonous medicines. It is confortable, safe, pleasant and reliable in its effects, yet powerful in its action. It can be worn at all seasons, in any climate, and is equally good for MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD.

Ask your druggist for it and accept no imitation or substitute, or send to us and receive it by return mail.

it by return mail.

Regular Pad, \$2; Special Pad, for Chronic, deep-seated, or cases of long standing, \$3; Children's Pad, prevention and cure of sum-mer complaint, weak kidneys and bed wet-ting, \$1.50

Day Kidney Pad Company, TOLEDO, OHIO.

EASTERN AGENCY, CHARLES N. CRITTENTON.

115 Fulton St., New York.

\$500 REWARD OVER A MILLION OF

PROF. GUILMETTE'S

now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we wil pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

inat the Pad fails to care. This Great Remedy will Positively and Pormanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and Retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private disease rgans wnether contracted by private disea

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Loucorrhoe , or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED! Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD,

WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION. Ask yourdruggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send \$2 and you will receive the Pad by return mail. For sale by JAMES A. MEYERS,

Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Sold only by GEO. W. HULL, Druggist, 15 W. King St., Lancaster, Pa. augli-6mdeod M. W&F

Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pad.

Will positively care Fever and Agne, Dumb Ague, Ague Cake, Billious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price \$1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guillmette's Treaties on the Kidneys and Liver, free by mail. Address

FRENCH PAD COMPANY,

augli-6mdcodM. W&F MEDICAL,

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham,

OF LYNN, MASS., Has Made the Discovery!

of Her Sex.

Health, Hope and Happiness Restored by the use of LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

Vegetable Compound,

The Positive Cure For

All Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, con sists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the

to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will care entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhæa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life.

of Lite.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility. Steeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in hermony with the law list governs the nd relieves weakness of the stomach.

ct in harmony with the law that governs the

female system.

For Kidney comptaints of either sex this Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is, prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$2. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

Soon he lay senseless in the courtyard, and then Thorn coolly walked into the street, waiting for the countess' carriage. Before long it came, and he lounged discreetly in the post cochere.

"Giuseppe!" called the countess, in why demanded "You know why." are then Thorn coolly walked into the street, waiting for the countess' carriage. Before long it came, and he lounged discreetly in the post cochere.

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"I fancy I am to be a still the post cochere."

General Ageuts, Philadelphia.

For sale by C. A. Locher, 9 East King street and Geo. W. Hull, 15 West King street.

MARBLA WORKS. WM. P. FRAILEY'S MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS

758 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa. MONUMENTS, HEAD AND FOOT STONES, GARDEN STATUARY, CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c.
All work guaranteed and satisfaction given in every particular.

N. B.—Remember, works at the extreme end of North Queen street.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

WEDNESDAY EVEN'G, NOV. 24, 1880.

A Queer Thanksgiving.

Harper's Bazar. "It's the loneliest place in Rome, this Palazzo Comparini," said Thorn, an American painter, to Giuseppe, the porter. Giuseppe always lounged at the door tance, franchised at one lucky bound, that led from the court yard into a darkand bent, and, after the fashion of Italian lower orders, felt almost past work at New England heart. fifty, but certainly not past the pleasure of conversation.

"Certo, signore, the palace is lonely enough nowadays, but the Comparanis used to be rich, and kept up a great state. No grass in the court then, no mould on painters on the top floor (without offense to you signore.) Then the young count ah, well, he was a rare one"-here the old porter fell to laughing-"and a gay one, and a careless one. He went to Paris, and. whew! away went the money. The villa was sold, the property on the Corso was sold, the palace at Naples was sold, and back came the count, as merry as ever, and got married. Married a young wife, and then away went her fortune. Paris again, horses, gambling, betting and worse. Five vears ago he died-died merry, too. A

pleasant man was the count."
"Very pleasant," said Thorn, grimly.
"Then he squandered everything?" "Except this palace; and that would have gone if he had lived." "Well, her father gave her something

more, and then here's the palace yet. Giuseppe shuffled off toward a young lady who had just entered, and who beckoned him from the staircase. She was a little person, with a low brow and wonderful liquid eyes, and a row of small teeth France: every one of which has given perfect satisfaction, and has performed cures every time when used according to directions. We You couldn't ask a mate in the other, for such a dimple couldn't possibly be repeated. She had a small straight nose and a full mouth; she was brown, and she was quick, yet languid. She talked with Giuseppe in lively fashion, yet leaned against a pedestal, like a weary nymph in a picture. All this Thorn noted. Then he caught Giuseppe's name as she pronounced it, with that gentle separation of the syllables, as if lingering more tenderly on

"What a lovely name the old wretch has!" he thought. As the little lady tripped lightly up the stairs he was very glad to ask the old wretch, and right eagerly too, "Who is the signorina?"

"The Countess Vittoria Comparina?" "Does she live here?" Of course. On the second floor. Does she-does anybody-does she have many visitors?" stammered Thorn, adding, to himself, "Confound the foreign tongue! it won't let a fellow say what he means."

Giuseppe caught the meaning pretty surely, for he answered, "Certainly, sig-nore, the countess sees her own friends," "You mean the foreigners—that is, the Romans." "I mean the Romans, not the foreign-

ers. Ladies like herself, and gentlemen like the count, her late husband. " Like the fellow that spent the dowry. "I mean gentleman-people who don't

work as I do, or as-" "Ha! ha! as I do," laughed Thorn. "Well—yes, signore," said Giuseppe, with polite hesitation.

"Here's a genuine old world creature," thought Mr. Thorn, not a little amused. "untouched by republicanism, commun-ism or nihilism. Pray that his mistress is more modern, and so, accessible."

A vain prayer it seemed, for in payment of a month of cold sentinel daily on the marble stairs, often an hour at a time, Mr. Thorn had met the Countess Comparini but twice. Once she passed him with a slight bow and downcast eyes as he politely lifted his hat; and one morning she looked up with a "Grazie, signore," as he restored the prayer-book that she Her Vegetable Compound the Savier on with a levely woman, so Thorn applied to an Italian fellow at the banker's

who talked English. "Posseeble to know the Countess Comparini, my dear fellow? No. The countess is of an old house. She likes not the foreigners. Imposseeble, my dear boy." "Is it?" said Thorn, and shut his teeth in good New England fashion. "We'll

Then he lounged about town for days making acquintances among the nobility. Counts and marquises in plenty he came to know, for Thorn was only pleasing a Bobemian fancy by lodging in an old palace, and could afford to stand wine dinners for even the hungriest nobles in Italy. But no luck. Invariably he found the Countess Comparni unapproachable, frequenting a small circle, but not inclined to foreign society. Sometimes he saw her piquant little face on the Pincian, as she drove alone in an open carriage, and then he went home and laid the maddest schemes. He even knocked some mortar out of the solid wall in his apartment and told Giuseppe that he required, as a tenaut, to see

countess about some repairs. "The signore will go to the agent on the orso," said Giuseppe. At last Thorn became horribly jealous of this old porter, who was sure of a smile and a pleasant word, or perhaps a little confidential talk, as the countess came in from her drive. Gloomily pondering Giuseppe's good fortune, an idea struck the American. The countess was out. Giuseppe was something of a connoisseur in wines. Now Thorn had a certain flask containing a certain liquid that might easily be called American wine. Giuseppe, without much persuasion, swallowed a good pint of whisky, and swore by all the saints it was better than Montepuciano. Soon he lay senseless in the courtyard, and

little cry, and going to him in sweet wo-Johnston, Holloway & Co., manly fashion, turned up his rough face and said: "Oh, the poor Giuseppe is ill-Teresa!" The last to her maid, who might have heard through one of the open windows, but did not. "Teresa, help me. Poor Giuseppe !"

This was Thorn's time. Advancing, he said: "Pardon me, signora, but I have a little skill. I can help the man." "Are you a doctor, signore? I thought

you were a-" "A painter," said Thorn, secretly exult-ing that she had thought of him at all. "So I am, but so poor a one that I have wit enough outside my own craft to treat a simple case like this," "Oh, he is an old and faithful ser-

"Leave him to me, and in a short time F. HIEMENZ'S,
No. 105 North Queen Street for the Cheapest and Best BOOTS AND SHOES.
105 Sign of the Big Shoe.
105 Sign of the Big Shoe.
106 Sign of the Big Shoe.
107 In large or small amounts. \$25 or \$20,000. Thorn, formally.
Thorn, formally.

Thorn, formally.

Reluctantly she went. Thorn moved the man inside, and in five minutes met in g. "I knew you would. I'm so glad I did weapons.

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"I knew you would. I'm so glad I did

her own salon. Be sure Giuseppe's recovery was delayed; be sure that only Teresa, the maid, who did not understand the the marble stairs. The marquis had just symptoms, was allowed to approach him ; time to note that, when the American and be sure that bulletins were conveyed said, "now this is for calling me a cowevery few minutes to the countess by a ard;" and delivered a blow right between tireless messenger. During the evening the invalid became conscious. Then Mr.

reposing his six feet of American pluck ness and dampness supposed to be his and expedient on an ancient Comparini apartment. Giuseppe was white haired sofa, and secretly laid down before the lady's dainty little slippers all his honest Now Giuseppe too was indebted to

illness, and obeyed the order to remain indisposed for several days. Several days. Several days! why, they were more like several weeks, so common had it grown those marble steps, no silence, no foreign for the countess to say, "A ricerderla, Signor Torn." "Thorn, if you please, signora."

Then, with a violent exertion to fulfill the rules of enunciating "th" the trouble some combination would somehow slip away in a laugh and the countess would say, blushing and looking very lovely indeed, "Ah! I can never say that foreign name of yours "

"Try my first name-Worthington," " Vortinton. Is that right?"

"Whatever you say is right."
"Ah! your Italian improves. You can make compliments already." In truth Thorn got on wonderfully in Italian. With so much practice, no wonder. Not only had he much to say on his own account but the countess was insatiable in her curiosity about his home and

the ways of the American people. "How strange and how foreign! Ah an Italian could never like such things," would exclaim.

"Then you do not like anything foreign countess ? A little shrug for an answer, and a little elevation of the eyebrows, that might mean polite reluctance to offend, and might mean bashful hesitancy to speak a flattering truth.

'Tell me, signore," the countness asked then your sisters do not go to mass?" "They go to a little plain wooden church, where there is no altar, and where a man in plain citizen's dress makes prayers, and they, standing up, listen."
"How dreadful! Poor girls, I pity them."

"Pity their brother, signora." The signora was too versed in coquetry to answer this appeal, so she started another point.

"And do women speak in public in America?' "Oh yes; that's common." "And their husbands, what do they

That if a woman has ideas or opinions, she has a right to express them." "An Italian wouldn't like that. And how about the women's dowry?" "Most women marry without any."

"Italians wouldn't like that," laughed the countess. "But if a wife has property, it is pro-tected so the husband shall not squander

it. Would the Italians like that ?" "I-I think the women would," and the countess looked thoughtful. Thorn felt he was striking home and making progress; but the countess, secing him dare to look happy again, started her raillery. " Now tell me about your festa days. What do you do at Easter ?" "Nothing much worse where I live.

Some people cat a few eggs or put a few flowers in the churches. " How sad! No Easter! But you have carnival ?'

" Not where I live." "No carnival! But an Italian would die without the carnival. Pray what do you have ?" "We have Fourth of July."
"Forterhuli!" and what is that?"

Thorn explained in a few words, adling, "we make all the noise possible : send off fire-works all day and all night but it's very hot and disagreeable." "It must be dreadful. But you have holidays. There's Christmas." "Oh yes; we go to church then."

"Stand up and hear prayers?" "Yes." "Oh, signore !" and the countess called on heaven with her eyes. "And the little children have little

rees, sometimes, like the Germans.' " Little trees !"

"Yes-brought into the house." "How strange !" "Then we have Thanksgiving." "Thanksgeevin?" "Yes; that's a great day in late No-

vember, when we have turkeys." "Turkeys! where?" and the countess opened her soft eyes so wide that Thorn quite lost himself in their brown depths. "Where? Oh, on the table, to be

"Turkeys, and little trees, and a great noise on a hot day, and no carnival, and a priest in a common coat! I could never ike American ways." The countess shook her head with decision, and for the rest of the evening smiled upon a stout, middleaged marquis, who had a waxed mous-For weeks Thorn haunted the old salon,

meeting the stout marquis at every call, while Countess Vittoria bestowed her favors evenly. If she admired Thorn's last if she let the marquis play with her fan, she et Thorn steal a flower from her bouquet. at the American, and the American whistled sottly to himself and looked over the stout gentleman's head. He was tall enough to do it in an aggravating way. At last matters came to a crisis when Thorn sang a love song to Vittoria's own guitar. and pointed the words very dramatically. The marquis followed him out, and on the stairs said, very red and short of breath, "Will you fight me, signore?"

"Why?" demanded Thorn, coolly. "You know why. The Countess Com-"Well," said Thorn, leisurely lighting cigar, "I don't quite see your point. If you are the accepted suitor of the

"I fancy I am to be so favored," replied "Then I esteem the countess too highly to injure her future husband. On the other hand," continued Thorn, with provoking distinctness, "if you are not an accepted suitor—" "Well, suppose I'm not?" blustered

the marquis, rather petraying weakness in the dreadful din. his haste. "Then, signor marchese, you are less in wild astonishment. to me T han no the time walking out to a retired spot to shoot you down.' "Then you won't fight?"

"No." The marquis was purple with rage by this time, and exclaimed, "Coward?" At the word Thorn asked, "Have you "I have:" and a valet was beekoned,

who presented a pair. "Ha! you will fight then?" sneered the marquis. Thorn

the countess' anxious face at the door of was a cast filling a niche at the foot of the long flight of stairs. As he spoke he fired and the finger, shot off, clicked as it fell on his enemy's eyes which sent that titled gentleman rolling down stairs in a senseless heap. Then Thorn went up to his

rooms the cigar still alight. Now Teresa, the maid had overheard this scene and the next day the countess said, "an Italian would have had a duel

with that gentleman, Signor Torn."
"We don't shoot fools in America; we whip 'em," answered the young man. "Your ways are not like ours," sighed Thorn for not mentioning the nature of his the countess with a mock regret, for a smile was playing in that one unmatchable

> "Countess, could you never like our ways?"

"They are so singular," she answered "Could you never like an American? a man who loves you sincerely, who will make of you not a plaything, not a house-

"It is all too strange;" and she spoke low. "I could never get used to you. You

hold ornament, but a companion, a friend

"Well, so What?" "So tall, and blonde, and-"

"So ugly?" "No, but so different from us. And our name-I could never, never pronounce it. Vortinton Torn."

"I will pronounce it for you; I will do everything for you." He approached her, and she took fright. "No, no, signore; couldn't-couldn't."

"Then your answer-" said Thorn, rowing very white. "My answer is-no." "Good night, countess, and good-bye. have lived at Rome so long only in the

hope which you have just blasted. Do you go so soon ?' "I shall stay merely for a celebration that my countrymen enjoy at this season, and which I am pledged to attend." "I know," said the countess. "It is

November.'

He went off bravely enough, leaving the little woman standing with her pretty head on one side and her eyes cast down. It ought to be easy for a young fellow of fortune, of talent, of many resources both within and outside of himself, to shake off the thought of a little woman standing with her eyes east down. To that end the American occupied himself during the days that intervened before the Thanksgiving dinner. Besides having promised to be present, he feared his absence, coupled with his known intimacy with the Countess Vittoria, would give

rise to remark and set gossip all agog. One, two, three times twenty-four hours went slowly round. It was the eve of Thanksgiving day; it would be his last evening in the Comparini palace, his last, but one, in Rome. Poor Thorn was seized with a desire to see once more the face that had cost him so much divine misery, to look once more into the eyes that had banished him-a foolish, inconsistent impulse known only to lovers. Half unconsciously he tramped out into the great hallways and up and down the cold staircases, imperfectly lighted by wretched oil lamps. There was confusion on the floor where the countess lived. People were hurrying in at the doors and then men seemed carrying in great boxes. He could hear Teresa's shrill voice calling on the Madonna as they stumbled awkwardly under their burdens. The noise of arrivals went on for a long time; then it was hard to hear anything distinctly, the place was so large and the walls so thick. Yet there was the sound of music and laughter and at last some serving-men went out in lamps. There was confusion on the floor and at last some serving-men went out in a crowd, and Teresa's shrill whisper called

after them, "Bring enough for all to cat. " Enough for them all to eat. It was a party, then. Perhaps more had come than was expected, and the careful Teresa had to make provision duly. In a moment Thorn convinced himself that the stout marquis, who had probably recovered from his tumble, was being entertained by Countess Vittoria's most winning smiles. In his excited mind he could see them both; that waxed moustache (how he hated it!); and Vittoria-from her dainty foot to the topmost braid of her fittle head, he could see her too-see her smile and coquette and bandy compliments with that detested fat fellow he had knocked down stairs. Thorn raged, shut himself in the studio, walked up and down all night, and looked like a spectre in the morning. Toward noon he fell asleep, and waking with a start at 5 o'clock he got up to dress for the dinner, heartily wishing it all over. Trying to cogitate some verse, or toast, or epigram for the occsion, he spied among the brushes on the dressing table a dainty envelope. Evidently Giuseppe had brought it while he slept. "The Countess Com-parini's compliments, and she would be happy to see Signor Thorn" (then very carefully written) "at 5 o'clock."

Thorn vowed he wouldn't go; then; seeing it was already five o'clock hurried his toilette. He whisked out a clean handkerchief, he dashed a little cologne water about, still swore he wouldn't go and be tortured anew, hastily left his rooms, and marched straight down to the familiar picture, she admired the marquis' new horse great door on the second-story. He was ushered as far as the little ante-chamber. The drawing-room was closely shut. From When she was present, the marquis glared | another entrance the countess advanced to meet him. She was charmingly dressed, but very gentle and shy.

She hoped she saw the signore well.

"That could hardly be expected," he answered, all resentment gone, as he looked down upon the tender, girlish little creature who was dear to him.
"I have been," she faltered, "thinking very seriously since we talked the other

day, and last evening—'

Thorn braced himself to hear she had accepted the marquis at the party. -last evening I made up my mind I-I want you to feel at home, so I arranged a little surprise. I hope you will like it." Here she opened the drawing-room door. They make a dreadful noise, but it pleases me for your sake."

The tears were in her eyes, she was

ready for his arms, yet Thorne stood in mute amazement. The Comparini drawing-room was half filled with tables, and on every table was a crowd of gobbling, screeching, flapping, living turkeys, some tethered, some cooped, but all joining in "What is the meaning-" Thorn began

"It's the custom of your country on this day-you told me so-turkeys on tables,' she sobbed. "I'll try to be a perfect American." "You're a perfect angel,' said Thorn, and all Countess Vittoria's tears, by

some strange law of hydraulics, ran down an American-cut waistcoat. "And do you feel very much at home?" she asked, in a happy whisper.
"I never felt so much at home in my

though; and the feeding, that was dread-

Thorn laughed very much. "For pity's sake, have them taken off," he said.
"No; they shall stay. I don't mind the noise. Ah! caro, when these things gobbled so frightfully all day long, I said, I will love them, for this is the custom of his country-perhaps a part of his re-

ligion." "Dearest," said Thorn, as well as he could through the flutter and cackle around them, "love has all customs, all religions and all countries for its own. Nothing is hard, or strange, or foreign to hearts that

cling together like ours." It was not until the next year, when the countess met a party of her husband's compatriots that she found out the real use of the great American turkey.

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